

# Puck

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THE GRAB GAME IN THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.



## PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Wednesday, March 9th, 1892. — No. 783.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WHEN THE AMERICAN BOY of to-day reads his history of the middle ages, and satisfies his soul with battle, murder and sudden death, he may perhaps wish that he too had lived in those stirring days. And it may surprise him to be told that his lot is cast in no humdrum age, and that if he only continues his father's experience he will lay up a large stock of interesting reminiscences to talk over with his own grandchildren in the latter half of the twentieth century. Think how much any man of forty years has read of the history of the world in his daily paper! Think how he has seen the whole face of the world change since he began to spell out the news for himself! Try to reconstruct the world as he found it when he began to read at seven or eight years old, and compare it with the world as we know it to-day, and you will get some idea of the lively century we are living in.

The boy of 1859 or '60 lived in a slave-holding nation that hardly knew indeed whether it was a nation or a mere copartnership of independent states. It stood upon the verge of a civil war of extraordinary bitterness and ferocity. A deep enmity existed between the Northern and the Southern states. The Western states and territories were sparsely settled at the best, and many of them were little better than desert and wilderness. San Francisco was a collection of shanties, and the great cities of the mid-west were undreamt of. Alaska was a Russian possession. Truly it is a very different country that the boy of 1892 learns to know through the newspaper. And yet the changes, which are mainly the result of a natural growth, are hardly so great as those that have taken place among European nations. When the man who is forty to-day first read in the newspapers the old familiar headline "Latest News from Europe," and eagerly followed the meagre dispatches which it had taken the fastest mail steamship fourteen days to bring over, he got tidings of a Europe whose map he would hardly recognize to-day.

And if he compares the old map with the new, and notes the marvelous difference, it may occur to him, as a curious reflection, that most of the changes in geographical boundaries and political conditions have had their origin in an inland city not so large as New York, and not famous for beauty, wealth, art, or advanced civilization — the Prussian city of Berlin. That one town has done more to shake the nations of Europe about, like dice in a box, than any other capital between the boundaries of Siberia and the Bay of Biscay. Look at every important redistribution of the component parts of that great continental puzzle, and you will find that the guiding power originated in this same Berlin. Look at what that one sturdy burgh has done since that January day in 1860 when the Prince-regent struck the key-note of his nation's progress in announcing to the world that "the Prussian army will be in future the Prussian nation in arms." Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Frankfurt — all had to change their color on the map at the bidding of that powerful town. Then imperial France yields up Alsace and Lorraine at her bidding; and then at one great blow she sweeps the whole German Empire under her subjection. Truly, Berlin has made maps for herself; and her instruments have been two men — the man of the strong brain, and the man of the strong hand.

To-day the man of the hand is dead, and the man of the brain is a powerless, petulant, disappointed old dotard, a complaining victim of the ingratitude of kings. And now the ruler, who in his palace at Berlin wields the vast power that these men built up for him, is as strange a figure as ever, by the irony of fate, was permitted to occupy an emperor's throne — a strange scion of one of the greatest of princely houses. He is a man in years, a child in willfulness and unreason; a soldier without knowledge of self-discipline; a socialistic theorist and a despot; a blind conservative and a radical reformer; a feudal lord of the tenth century dabbling in the most extreme speculations of the nineteenth; a philanthropist and a tyrant; — a creature whose whole character is a crazy-quilt of contradictions. And this spirit animates the body of an athlete with a withered limb, ceaselessly tortured by a hideous and disgusting disease of the head,

that even now acts indirectly and must ultimately act directly upon his restless and abnormal brain. And there is yet one more touch of the tragic and grotesque to be added to the picture — this caricature of a king is a sort of martial dandy, who considers the cut of his beard as seriously as a question of state-craft, and makes the choice of his photograph a matter of public decree.

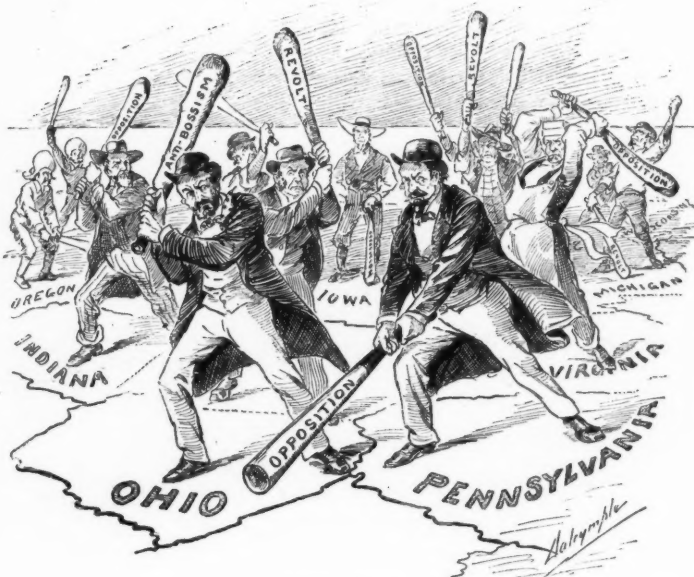
This is an odd outfit, certainly, for a man who has succeeded to what may be called the greatest map-making business in Europe; and it is interesting to consider what influence he is likely to exert on the map-making of the future. It is hardly possible that he can keep his hand out of that fascinating employment, and it would be rash indeed to attempt to predict the results of his activity. That he is, or is to be, a madman, few can doubt. Will he prove an "inspired madman," a child of destiny, whose extravagances shall justify themselves by their success? Or will he turn out to be only a hot-headed lunatic, an intemperate and incompetent blunderer, for whom disaster waits at every turn? Who shall say? Either eventuality is possible, though every year lessens the possibility of the first and increases the probability of the second. For William II., Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, is not to work out all by himself the problem of his success or failure as a ruler of nations. He may find it worked out for him at any time by the very people whom he is endeavoring to impress with a proper sense of their own insignificance and his own all-importance.

The German people drank a deep draught of the waters of freedom in 1848, and the dose has permanently affected their system. They are not the same people they were before that year, and they never will be again. It is not probable that they will again be influenced by the extreme revolutionary ideas that were at once their strength and their weakness in that period of storm and stress. But it is certain that they have grown to consider their relations with their rulers in a new spirit of practical common-sense, and with very little of the sentimental superstition of earlier days. The vast power which they repose in the rulers who gave them a United Germany was held by those men as a patriotic trust, and whatever we may think of the means they employed, the ends they sought were undoubtedly the strength and prosperity of the nation. Whether the people will permit that power to be used for purposes of personal aggrandizement and ostentation is one which, little as he may like to think it, must some day receive the earnest consideration of the young man with the old-world ideas, the ungovernable temper, the vanity and the ever-threatening insanity, who has undertaken the work which needed all Bismarck's wisdom and Wilhelm's strength. And if he does not get this idea into his poor tortured head, the boys who are now growing up may read some very lively pages of contemporaneous history in their fathers' newspapers, and their fathers may have to buy them some new geography-books.

## A POSSIBLE SOURCE.

"Where did Bob Ingersoll make his money?"

"Oh! I don't know. There's been a good deal collected for the heathen lately, you know."

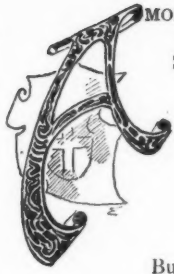


YOU BET.

"Hill Clubs are forming in all parts of the country."

— Machine-Democrat Press.

## IN THE SICK ROOM.



AMONG THE pillows propped in sweet repose  
She feels the heavy time slip slow away;  
She's weary of the blushing crimson rose  
That seems no longer gay.

She does not hear the bird of melody  
That sweetly sings within a gold cage shut;  
And several brand-new novels round her lie,  
Unopened and uncut.

But now a smile flits o'er her features free;  
All suddenly, her dream's with pleasure filled;  
Her soft brown eyes dilate excitedly —  
She's with rare rapture thrilled.

She sees above the morning paper bowed  
The nurse; and then the convalescent pale  
Asks her if she will kindly read aloud  
The latest bargain sale.

R. K. M.

## TWO NEW CHILDREN.

"Did you like to go to Sunday-school?" asked Uncle George of little Tommy.

"Yes; an' dey sang about two funny little children."

"Who were they?"

"Cherry Bim and Sary Fimm."

## A CHANCE FOR HIS STRENGTH.

"I lifted a mass of iron weighing 300 pounds at the store to-day," boasted Sumway.

"Did you?" replied his wife, admiringly. "Now see if you can lift a couple of hods of coal from the cellar."

## BETTER YET.

MR. LOTOS. — You would save yourself the trouble of making change by buying your elevated tickets ahead.

MRS. LOTOS. — I have two elevated tickets in my pocket-book, now.

MR. LOTOS (*astonished*). — How did you get them?

MRS. LOTOS (*triumphantly*). — I went by the box without dropping them in.

## LIMITED FACILITIES.

SCHOOL-TRUSTEE. — Your class in Physiology does n't seem to be up to the standard, Miss Birch.

TEACHER. — I've done the best I could with the charts that I found here, Mr. Small.

SCHOOL-TRUSTEE. — Um — er — what did the charts consist of?

TEACHER. — Six views of a whiskey stomach.

## RESISTING TEMPTATION.

ROSALIE. — Now don't tell any one what I have said.

GRACE. — I won't. I'll stay home from the sewing class on purpose.

## HE GOT IT.

"Shave, sir?" asked the Barber of the bald-headed man.

"No," retorted the sarcastic patient. "I came here for a little conversazione."

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S E. C'S.  
— *Two Tales* — The Elephant.

## TIME WORN — A Watch.

A PUBLIC TURN-OUT — The Sheriff.



## AN INCONVENIENT REMEDY.

DR. MOLAR. — Now, the tooth is out, Mrs. Maloney. If the cavity commences to bleed, you must stand and hold your arms straight up over your head, like this.

MRS. MALONEY. — Howly Saints! Av Oi shtand loike that, how will Oi ever get me ir-r-nonning done?

## SHE KNEW WHAT WAS NEEDED.

"I had the strangest dream last night," said Sergeant Crossbelt. "I dreamed that the Venus of Milo took command of the company."

"What did she say?"

"Present arms!"

## VERY CUTTING.

"I hear that Flareup got mad with you this morning and called you everything."

"Yes; but I got the better of him. I called him nothing."

## A GREAT SHOW.

"The last time I saw you, Bill, you were complaining about the wolf at the door, and now you simply wallow in wealth."

"I know it. I caught the wolf and exhibited him."

## HIS VALUE IN SPORT.

"Why do you call Jolliboy a trump?"

"Because he's always able to take everything in!"

## A SUGGESTION.

HELEN. — I get so tired of that young Mr. Ide; I seem to meet him every evening.

ETHEL. — Why don't you marry him, then?

AS A SIGN of good breeding, a tooth-brush is worth more than a coat of arms.

A LABOR-SAVING DEVICE — The Union.



## THE DIFFERENCE.

MRS. PUGH. — Oh, yes; just because it is a little damp out, you won't go to church. The pouring rain did n't keep you home from the theatre the other night.

MR. PUGH. — If I had remained home from the theatre the other night, I would have lost the four dollars I paid for the tickets; but if I stay home from church, this morning, I'll be in fifty cents.

# MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

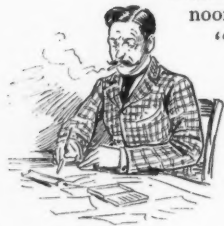
## THE TWO BROTHERS;

OR,

PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

"NO, HERBERT; I would advise you to tear up that card and put temptation away from you. If you yield now, you will weaken your moral character, and you will have less strength to resist another time."

The speaker, a young man of grave, honest aspect, was standing with his hand laid in a kindly way on his younger brother's shoulder. The latter, whose face was cast in a more delicate and a weaker mould, stood irresolutely twirling in his hand a card of invitation to an afternoon tea.



"I don't see what harm it will do just for this one time," he said, pettishly; "you're always preaching about temptation, John; but, for my part, I think it's my duty as a writer to see a little of every side of life. I want to write a novel some day and to have one of the scenes laid at a kettledrum. How can I describe one unless I see it myself?"

"I hope, Herbert," said the elder brother, mildly, "that you will never sink so low as to write a New York Society novel; but that is surely what you will come to,

if you abandon yourself to the pernicious habit of attending afternoon teas. Do you remember your old play-fellow, Walter Weakfish? It is only three years since he began to sip tea at kettle-drums. At that time he was considered one of the very best reporters in the city, while at the poker-table he commanded universal respect. You know, of course, that his downward career has been very rapid since his first fall, and that he has sounded every depth of ignominy and shame; but do you know where he is now?"

"I heard, some time ago," replied Herbert, "that he had become a habitual frequenter of the most exclusive musical circles in Boston, and that—"

"No," interrupted the elder; "that was a malicious report. It is true that he once attended an organ recital, but that was all. At present he is conducting over his own signature a department entitled: 'Old Uncle Squaretoes's Half-Hour Chats with the Little Folks,' in a Philadelphia paper."

"Merciful Heavens!" cried Herbert; "I had no idea it was as bad as that; but can nothing be done to save him?"

"I fear not," replied the elder brother, sadly; "and now, Herbert, I shall say no more. You must choose your own course; but remember that our poker club meets to-night in the room over Cassidy's Exchange, and you must—"

"Yes; and drop another double X," exclaimed Herbert, bitterly.

"And learn the great lesson of life," said John, "that in this vale of tears the hand that shapes our destiny will oftentimes beat three of a kind."

And with these impressive words John Dovetail departed, leaving his brother still twirling the engraved card between his fingers and hesitating.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed at last; "I don't care what John says. I'm sick of his preaching, anyhow; and, besides, I'm not going to get the Society habit fastened on me through just one kettledrum! I'll go there just to see what it's like."

That afternoon Herbert tasted of the forbidden intoxicant of feminine flattery, drank five cups of tea, and ate four pieces of sticky cake. He was introduced to a leader of the Chromo Literary Set, who told him that she "adored clever men," and begged him to come to her next Sunday evening reception. Then he allowed himself to be patronized by a dude, who copied letters in a broker's office by day and led the cotillon by night;

and he had not been in the drawing-room half-an-hour before his mind became affected by the "Society talk" going on about him to such a degree that he found himself chuckling in a knowing manner at an idiotic story about Ollie Winkletree, of the Simian Club.

It was at this moment that the warning words of his brother John suddenly came back to him, and he realized that it was time to go.

He had no appetite for dinner that night—the tea and the sticky cake had done their work; and instead of joining the poker class over Cassidy's Exchange, he sat down by the fire to brood over the new life that was opening before him. The Society Bee—the most malevolent insect in the world's hive—had stung him under his bonnet, the poison was already in his veins; and when John returned at midnight from the poker meeting, his brother addressed him as "deah boy."

Now, John Dovetail had always looked after his younger brother with the same solicitude that he would have bestowed upon a helpless child, and to-night there was an anxious look in his face as he seated himself by the open fire and drew from his vest pocket the cigar which he had won by throwing dice with Cassidy at the Exchange. He was prepared to enjoy himself for a half hour in that peace of mind which an easy conscience alone can give. His evening had been well spent—thanks to that merciful dispensation which has ordained



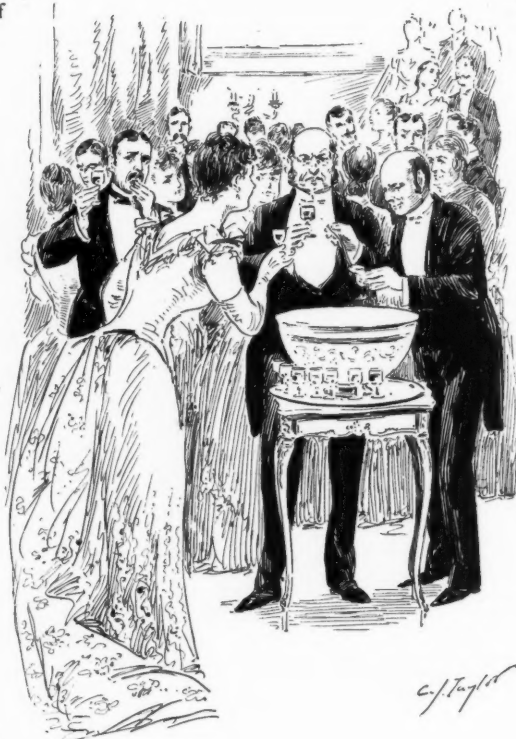
that even the vilest sinner shall fill a bobtail flush once in a while—and yet, as he sat there before the glowing embers, dark misgivings filled his mind. Older than his brother by fully four years, and of infinitely wider experience and knowledge of the world, he knew only too well the danger that lurked in the leaves of the five o'clock tea.

"Alas!" he said to himself, "I hear that the swelled head is very prevalent this Winter. It is contagious, and there is no place—not even an amateur theatrical company—where one is so sure to be exposed to it as at a kettledrum. Suppose, after my years of watchful care, my poor brother were to be taken down with it!"

The weeks rolled on, and Herbert, having once yielded to temptation, soon found it almost impossible to control his appetite for Society functions. Not only had he formed as undesirable a list of acquaintances as he could have made by heading the cotillon for three seasons, but he even had the temerity to tell his brother John—whose life was still one of noble purpose and lofty endeavor—that he wondered how he could spend all his evenings playing poker in the room over Cassidy's Exchange instead of—

"Instead of what, Herbert?" demanded John, in clear, ringing accents. "Instead of doing as you have been doing ever since you took your first plunge into the maelstrom of tea and cake and lemonade that is fast whirling you to destruction? No, Herbert; I have watched you day by day, and I have noted the change that has gradually come over you. For weeks past you have been gradually growing apart from me and from your old time associates, and have affiliated yourself with a class of people who are far beneath you. Where were you last night at the hour when you should have been opening jack-pots in the room over Cassidy's Exchange? You were uptown, skipping the tralaloo."

Herbert started and grew pale. "How did you find that out?" he asked, hoarsely.



"And whose tralaloo were you skipping?" continued John, sternly, without heeding the interruption. "You were tralalooing with the De Sneides of Steenth Street, and you dare not deny it!"

"Well!" exclaimed the younger brother; "I don't see any harm in that. Is n't the De Sneide family all right?"



John Dovetail's clear, honest eyes blazed with anger. Then with a great effort he controlled himself, and went on in a voice which trembled a little in spite of him:

"All right? Herbert Dovetail, do you dare to stand before me and to talk about the De Sneides being all right, when you yourself told me that they concocted from a half-pint of Santa Cruz Rum—a half-pint, mind you—a beverage which they served to over one hundred human souls? And did they not add to this crime that of blas-

phemy, by calling it punch? O Herbert! Do you know what will happen if you keep on in the path which you have chosen? You will become the victim of that awful form of paresis known as the swelled head. Already I have noticed symptoms of it in you."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Herbert, impatiently; "just as soon as a man begins to go into Society a little you say he's got the swelled head. It's simply because you're jealous of my success;—but what's the matter, John? Are you ill?"

For his brother was leaning against the table, his hand pressed to his heart and his face white with an awful fear.

"Merciful Heavens!" John exclaimed; "a sure and unfailing sign; the poor boy is stricken already and does not know it. But he shall be saved!"



One night John persuaded his brother to attend a meeting of the poker class, by telling him that two German gentlemen, who had played the game just enough to think they knew it all, were going to be present.

Herbert accepted the invitation, chiefly because he knew he would not meet anyone he had borrowed money from, and was given a kindly welcome by his old associates, although, owing to the peculiar nature of his disease, he had failed to recognize several of them when he met them in the street the week before.

To be sure, he cast a slight gloom over the company by calling for sherry when the rest of the company were drinking the old stuff; but that was pardoned because of his unfortunate tea-drinking propensities, and the game went on merrily.

Something of the old light came back into the boy's eye as the pile of chips in front of him began to grow apace, and the old glad smile lit up his face once more as Baron Snoozer laid down two big pair only to be confronted by Herbert's three little fellows.

And yet, still he called for sherry.

But it is always the unexpected that happens. Just as the game broke up, the waiter informed John Dovetail that there was a gentleman downstairs who wished to see him.

"Show him up!" cried John, pleasantly, as he cashed in his chips. The stranger appeared and John arose to greet him. He wore a large chrysanthemum in his button-hole and held a macaroon in his hand, which he nibbled from time to time. His make-up was that of a dude.

"You do not know me, I fear," he said to John. "I am sadly changed, I know; but the time was, gentlemen, when I sat at this very table, and, oh! how I would have enjoyed a night like this!" he added, glancing significantly at the rueful faces of the two German gentlemen, who were turning their pockets inside out.

All the members of the Club were now listening with intense interest; and John began with, "Your face, sir, seems strangely familiar—"

"Wait," said the visitor, with a sad smile, "until you hear my story. Once, as I said before, I sat in this very game nearly every night; but now what am I? One day—it was five years ago—some fiend incarnate led me all unknowing to a reception in an artist's studio. Tea was ordered, I partook of it, and was lost. Since then I have gone down, down, down; and to-morrow I leave this city forever. There is but one thing left for me to do. You will see me no more after to-night. Do none of you remember Walter Weakfish?"

"Walter Weakfish!" gasped John. "Why, I thought you were in Philadelphia, doing the Old Uncle—"

"No," replied the unhappy young man. "I have been worse than that. I have been a Society reporter. Yes, it is I who have written about the lovely "Spriggie" Stone and the queenly Mrs. "Jack" Astorbilt, who wore a

*passemeterie* of real lace down the front breadth of her moire antique gown. I wrote about those people so much that finally I imagined that I knew them; and then I borrowed money from people who did know them, and ordered clothes from their tailors, until now Avenue A is my favorite thoroughfare. And now I must leave the city forever; but, Herbert, do you take warning from the wreck you see before you now. Good-by, my old friends!" And Walter Weakfish started for the door.

"Stay!" cried John. "Can we do nothing for you? Shall we never see you again?"

"No," replied Walter, pausing for a moment on the threshold; "never again; for I am going to Washington to patrol the great national free-lunch route which they call Official Society, and to write correspondence for the Western papers. After that, the morgue."

The door closed, and he was gone. Then a moment's silence was broken by a wail of anguish from Herbert.

"Thank heaven!" cried John, "his heart is touched, and he is saved. Everybody in the room have something with me."

And, before morning, the swelling in Herbert's head was reduced so rapidly that he had to drink thirteen hot Scotches to counteract it. And from that day to this, he has never been to another kettledrum, nor taken anything stronger than rye whiskey.



James L. Ford.

#### THE GEOMETRY OF BONNETS.



THE SQUARE OF 1852.



THE RIGHT-ANGLED TRIANGLE OF 1867.



THE EQUILATERAL TRIANGLE OF 1882.



THE TRAPEZOID OF 1892.



THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT  
IN COLDWATER, IA.

(The Crusaders at Work.)

#### NO NEWS AT ALL.

MR. SNARK (*over his newspaper*).—Well, well, Margery, the newspapers must be pretty hard up!

MRS. SNARK.—What's that?

MR. SNARK.—Why, here they come out with a big head-line "Trouble in a choir!"

#### IN THE DARK ROOM.

EDWIN (*amateur photographer*).—That's it! Another plate spoiled.

ANGELINA.—What spoiled it?

EDWIN.—The light of your eyes.

P. S.—Engaged.



#### A LITTLE.

She loved him "just a little,"—so she said—  
And with that little he was well content;  
For in her gently heaving breast he read,  
With quickened, lover's eye, how much she  
meant  
By "just a little."

If Dido smiled to see Æneas go;  
If sweet Griselda was a scolding shrew;  
If Juliet hated her dear Romeo;  
If Thisbe was a flirt,—ah, then, he knew  
She loved him *just a little!*

Harry Romaine.

#### INDIGESTIBLE.

YOUNG FARMER MEDDERS (*at supper*).—  
Ouch! Wouark! Kah! Jeeminy-jeeswax! What  
in Heaven's name is the matter with this cake,  
Gloriosa?

BRIDE (*a city girl*).—Why, darling, there  
can surely be nothing the matter with it. I followed  
the recipe exactly.

"Tastes as if it was made of clam shells. Kah!"

"Oh, dearest! May be it was the fault of the eggs. I always thought  
eggs were soft and yellow inside; but these were white and brittle all the  
way through, and I had to powder them with the flat-irons, and—"

"Where did you find them?"

"In the hen-house, darling. There was only one egg in each nest,  
and—"

"Gloriosa, you have used my new China nest eggs!"

#### A PAYING INVESTMENT.

BOB THINGUM.—Watts Hysname's funeral cost eight hundred dollars.

TOM BIGBEE.—Well, it was worth every cent of it.

#### IN THE DAIRY RESTAURANT.

MR. CLARKING (*to waitress*).—Say, Mary; I ordered some rolls  
and a bowl of "half-and-half." What do you think I meant by "half-  
and-half?"

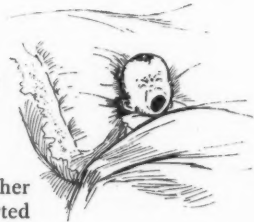
MARY.—I brought you half milk and half cream, sir.

MR. CLARKING.—Oh! I thought may be it was half milk and half water.

#### NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

MRS. CHILLUN.—What do you suppose  
the poor baby is crying about now?

CHILLUN.—Have n't kept track; should  
say about all the time.



#### NO HURRY.

BESSIE.—If you are going to meet Mother  
on the nine o'clock train, you ought to have started  
long ago.

JESSE.—Oh, don't worry. I'll get to the Grand Central by 9:30.  
I should think you would know by this time that your Mother is always  
half an hour late.

#### WHERE FALSEHOOD DIES.

Ah, when the sunny tresses grow  
Out from the scalp and we behold  
Two different colors, then we know  
That all that's blondined is not gold.

POET.—I am going to write  
a poem to-night.

WIFIE.—Have you an in-  
spiration, dear?

POET.—No; but I need  
three dollars.

"OH, COME OFF!" said  
the engagement to  
the marriage, in a fit of  
anger. "From the condi-  
tion of your temper I su-  
pose you are broke again,"  
replied the latter with ready  
wit, but poor grammar.

"NELLIE, did I see Tom  
Brown's arm around  
your waist last evening?"

"I don't know, Mamma;  
I did n't see it, and I'm sure  
Tom did n't."



(Down the road).—"Well, Bill; fur a prohibi-  
tion town, dis beats anyt'ing I've struck yet."



#### NO REDUCTION.

SIMS.—Pshaw! You ask altogether too much for this coat.

SCHWINDLEBAUM (*solemnly*).—Mein friend, I hope to fall  
deat on der spot oaf I effer dake a cend less as seven dollars  
and twenty-five cents vor dot coat. (*In a hissing whisper.*)  
Vat you gif?

## LABOR NOTES.

CONCERNING CERTAIN FLOURISHING INDUSTRIES.

THE INTENSELY disagreeable weather this Winter has driven a great many of the Trustees of the Brooklyn Bridge from the promenade on that structure to the sheltered doorways of Chatham Square, where they will be happy to explain to their rural friends the intricate mechanism of the grip cars, and at the same time to show them a novel game of chance in which they find divertissement in their leisure hours.



Mr. Henry Sawdust, who with unwonted rashness shook hands with a newly-landed Scotchman, last Friday, lost the Scotchman, but still has the rash, and through him it has been communicated to the rural portions of New England.

The Boston branch of the Theosophist Society is doing an excellent business, nowadays, on its old plan of small profits and quick returns. It has a commodious and well-appointed temple, and can give employment to two or three more active, intelligent cappers of pleasing address. Those who operated for the late Madam Blavatsky in New York preferred.

The rivalry between the Bowery Missions of different denominations is keener than ever this Winter, and the managers of those popular resorts are straining every nerve to attract the attention of wealthy and credulous old ladies, in anticipation of the regular March mortality.

At the Whited Sepulchre Mission, a night's lodging, a breakfast and a cigar are given to every convert, while at the sign of the Brass Pharisee a kidney stew is served at the close of the evening services to all who have experienced a change of heart. The management of the last-named establishment begs to announce the engagement of Tough Ragsey, the Scrapper, positively the wickedest man who has ever appeared before a religious audience. Ragsey will tell his experiences at the annual meeting of the patronesses of the Mission next Friday night.

A new process for the replating of gold bricks was exhibited to a select professional gathering in the Vandyke House last Saturday afternoon.

Thomas Greenstuff has been offered the presidency of the League of the Crystal Star Mutual Benefit Assessment Industrial Life Insurance Company, and will therefore remove at once to Newark, N. J. Mr. Greenstuff is widely known among the rural inhabitants of the state, many of whom have purchased and used in their families the extra fine, choice hard-wood sawdust in which he dealt for a number of years in this city.

The unprecedented dullness in spiritualistic circles this year is accounted for by the sharp competition of the theosophists, who are shedding astral light at less than the cost of oil. The recent trouble in the Fourteenth



## REBUKED.

PARSON BLACK (*pausing in his sermon*).—Hi doan' want to interfere wif de sleep ob de just, Deacon Yallerby; but I wish you'd wake Bre'r Johnsing up, an' tell him if he's righteous 'nuff to snore durin' my sermon, he'd better go home.



## A PRELIMINARY TEST REQUIRED.

SUPERINTENDENT.—I am glad to see you here; I suppose you want to join our Sunday-school?

HI WING.—May be. This, Hang Wah. He velly bad man—got two wiffee China, one wiffee here—keep joint. You converttee him, I come, too.

Street joint, over the division of profits, has been satisfactorily settled, and business resumed under the old firm name. Parties wishing to have deceased children married in the spirit world, can be accommodated this season at reduced rates. Notice is hereby given to bereaved fools, that seal-skin sacques are still fashionable on the shining shore, and can be bought and paid for at any of the regular weekly séances in this city.

The panic which broke up a recent meeting of Christian Scientists was caused by a miscreant who appeared suddenly on the platform, and declared himself to be the original Fool-killer. In the stampede which ensued, five or six people were thrown down and trampled on, while the scoundrel who had caused the disturbance, and is supposed to have been in the hire of a Faith Cure den on the next block, made his escape.

James L. Ford.

## PROVED IT.

NICK COTTEEN.—What did the old man say when he discharged you for smoking cigarettes?

WOODIN HALE.—He said that where there was so much smoke there must be some fire!

## IN PHILADELPHIA.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY.—Miss Streete may tell the class who George Washington was.

MISS MARQUETTE STREETE.—Oh, er-r-r—the gentleman our Mr. Childs was named for.

## TAKING DESPERATE CHANCES.

“Strange that Leadynge Mann should apply to the Actors' Fund for relief. I thought he was well fixed.”

“So he was; but he attended the Actors' Fund Fair one night.”

REMAINS TO BE SEEN — A Corpse Lying in State.

HE.—Do you care for appearances?

SHE.—Not at all.

HE.—Then why don't you dress in the latest style?



“TIME, THE GREAT HEELER.”



DAVID'S DESPERATE

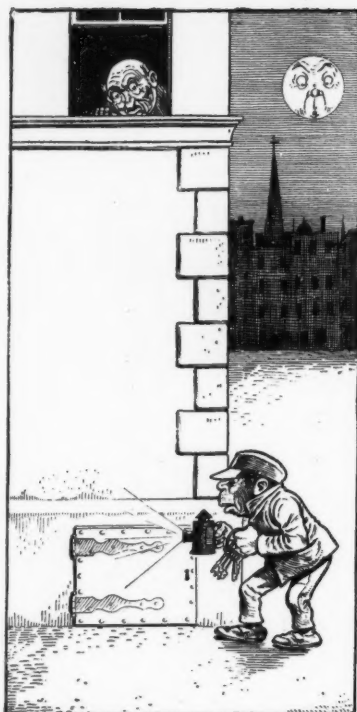
ALL HIS OTHER ANIMAL TAMPING FEATS ARE TOLD IN THE



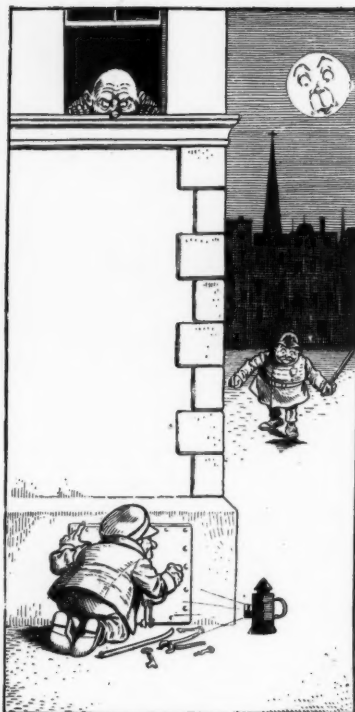
ESPERATE ATTEMPT.

...COMPARED WITH PUTTING HIS HEAD IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

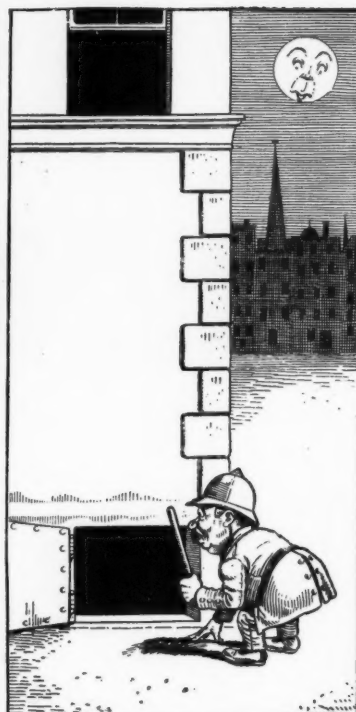
# A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.



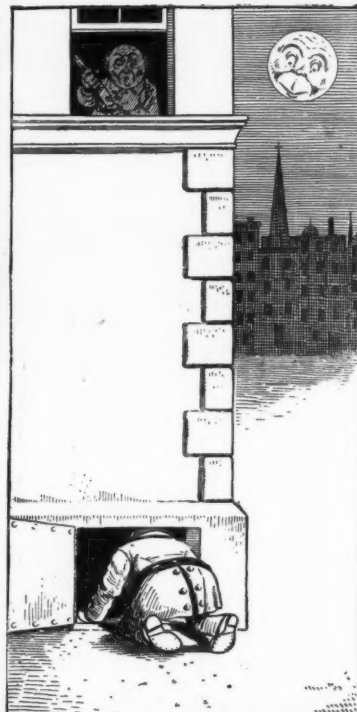
I.



II.



III.



IV.

## WHAT IT WAS.

'T is not the fear of future grief  
That makes me sad to-day;  
'T is not the thought of guilty  
deeds  
That on my conscience weigh;  
'T is not because young Cupid's  
dart  
Hath lately left a scar —  
What makes the day so dreary is  
This blasted, mean cigar.

Frank S. Bailey.

## NO CROW'S FEET.

MAY.—Why do you call my  
face a poem?  
FRANK (*gallantly*).—Because  
it bears scanning.

## NEXT BEST.

HE.—Will you marry me?  
SHE (*emphatically*).—No!  
HE (*undismayed*).—Then will  
you promise not to marry Bob  
Sawyer?

## DEFINED.

SHE.—Do you not consider a  
lap-dog a luxury?  
HE.—Goodness me, no! More  
of a nuisance.

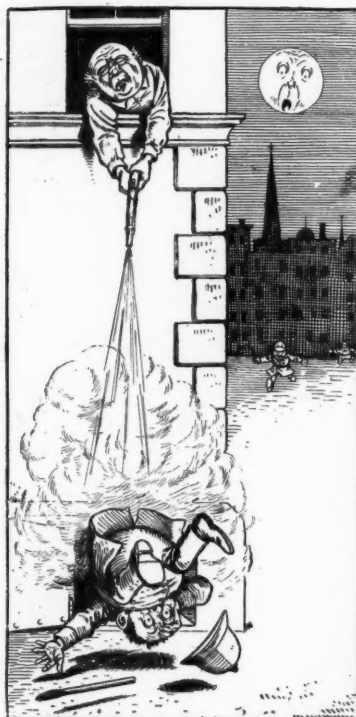
## A HOPELESS CASE.

DOCTOR.—You must give up drinking  
and —  
MR. SICKLY.—I never touch a drop.  
DOCTOR.—And stop smoking.  
MR. SICKLY.—I don't smoke.  
DOCTOR.—Humph! that's bad; if you  
have n't anything to give up, I'm afraid I  
can't do much for you.

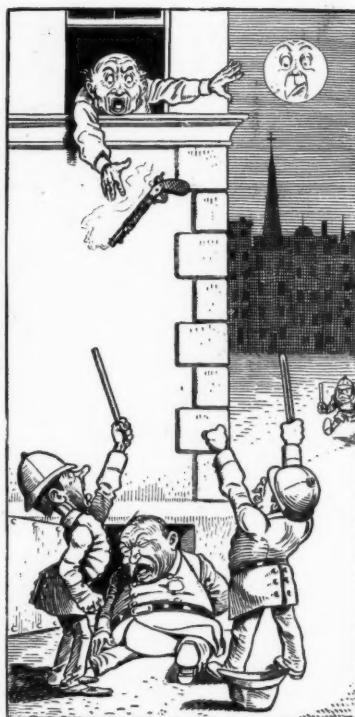
## A GOOD JOKE.

"What are you laughing at?"  
"Thieves broke into my house while I  
was away, and stole all the plumbing."  
"What's funny about that?"  
"They'll all have malaria inside of a  
week."

A TAX ON CREDULITY — The Bunco-  
Man's Income.



V.



VI.



VII.

## BIZ.

DOWN THE street he softly comes,  
Smiles polite and bland;  
Scrapes serenely, and with joy  
Takes me by the hand.

Hopes I'm feeling very well —  
Says I'm looking so;  
Passes onward, while a smile  
Sets his cheeks aglow.

He's a pedagogue, and knows  
Just as he's alive;  
I have got a little boy  
Somewhat more than five.

R. K. M.

## WELL EARNED.

HELER HYLER.—I have to be  
very economical, now; I'm on a  
salary.

JACK LEVER.—You mean an  
allowance; one has to *work* for a  
salary.

HELEN.—Oh, I have to work  
hard enough to get it out of Papa!

## A DANGEROUS WEAPON.

"Be careful of that gun!"  
"What is the matter with it?"  
"It is n't loaded."

## THE BEST PART GONE.

KIND SON (*back from the city*).—I did  
n't know exactly what to bring you, Mother,  
but here is the material for a new silk dress.

LOVING MOTHER (*opening package*).—  
Oh, George, this would be just what I  
wanted if I had only bought it myself!

## ALWAYS HAS BEEN.

"Do they sing a Recessional at your  
church?"  
"No; we used to, but we don't now.  
The Recessional is going out, I think."

THE MUSEUM FREAK is not so anxious  
to be let in on the ground floor as he  
is to get up stares.

LIKE OTHER EGOTISTS, the peacock's  
tale is always full of I's.





Of course you have heard of **MASTIFF PLUG CUT**, but have you tried it yourself? It is making new friends every day, indeed it disappoints nobody. It is always even better than people expect.

J.B. PACE TOBACCO CO. RICHMOND, VA.

Ask your doctor what happens to cod-liver oil when it gets inside of you.

He will say it is shaken and broken up into tiny drops, becomes an emulsion; there are other changes, but this is the first.

He will tell you also that it is economy to take the oil broken up, as it is in Scott's Emulsion, rather than burden yourself with this work. You skip the taste too.

Let us send you an interesting book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.  
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.



### Do Your Own PRINTING!

Card Press \$3. Circular Press \$8. Small newspaper press \$44. Type setting easy, printed rules. Send 2 stamps for catalogue of presses, type, cards, paper, &c., to the factory. 429  
**KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

Impaired Digestion repaired by BEECHAM'S PILLS.



The Three-Button Cutaway Frock, made from Black or Blue Clay Diagonals, Whipcords, &c., is the most handy garment of your wardrobe. "Equally adapted for Business or Dress Wear."

Suits to Order from \$20.00  
Trousers " " 5.00

Samples and self-measurement rules sent on application.

771 Broadway,  
Cor. 9th St.,  
New York.

**Nicoll**  
The Tailor

145 & 147  
Bowery,  
New York.

### TAILOR MAKES THE MAN.

PREACHER.—Every man must some day settle his account with his Maker.

TAILOR.—I wish that you could impress young Sappind with that idea. He has n't settled with me in about a year and a half.—*Boston Courier.*

Facts for the people.—Salvation Oil kills all pain and costs but 25 cents a bottle.  
If you want to rest well at night, ease your cough by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

"**HALF-TRUE TALES,**" By C. H. Augur  
In Paper, 50 Cts. In Cloth, \$1.00.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

Leaves a Delicate and Lasting Odor.  
**AN IDEAL COMPLEXION SOAP.**

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if unable to procure this **Wonderful Soap**, send 25 Cents in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

**JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.**

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

### FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

## NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Office: Nos. 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

**JANUARY 1, 1892.**

#### ASSETS.

|  |                         |
|--|-------------------------|
| Real Estate.....                                     | \$12,428,247.15         |
| Stocks and Bonds.....                                | 77,647,663.40           |
| Bonds and Mortgages.....                             | 21,406,233.56           |
| Loans secured by collaterals.....                    | 4,551,000.00            |
| Premium Loans.....                                   | 521,700.28              |
| Cash in Office and in Banks and Trust Companies..... | 6,070,942.27            |
| Interest and Rents due and accrued.....              | 565,037.81              |
| Net Amount of uncollected and deferred premiums..... | 2,756,466.34            |
| <b>Total Assets.....</b>                             | <b>\$125,947,290.81</b> |

#### LIABILITIES.

|  |                         |
|--|-------------------------|
| Reserve, or Value of outstanding Policies.....   | 109,428,156.00          |
| Other Liabilities.....   | 1,378,111.50            |
| <b>Total Liabilities.....</b>  | <b>\$110,806,267.50</b> |
| <b>Surplus, being the same amount which will be shown to be the Company's Surplus by the Annual Report of the New York State Insurance Department as of December 31, 1891.....</b> | <b>\$15,141,023.31</b>  |

#### INCOME.

|                           |                        |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Total Premium Income..... | 26,256,275.40          |
| Interest, Rents, etc..... | 5,597,919.58           |
| <b>Total Income.....</b>  | <b>\$31,854,194.98</b> |

#### DISBURSEMENTS.

|  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| Losses Paid.....   | \$6,087,620.70         |
| Endowments Paid.....   | 1,066,795.11           |
| Annuities, Dividends, Surrender Values, etc.....                 | 5,517,075.07           |
| <b>Total paid policy-holders.....</b>                            | <b>\$12,671,490.88</b> |
| Commissions.....   | 3,918,142.69           |
| Agency Expenses, Physicians' Fees, Advertising and Printing..... | 1,550,614.28           |
| Taxes, Salaries and other expenses.....                          | 1,317,842.05           |
| <b>Total Disbursements.....</b>                                  | <b>\$19,458,089.90</b> |

Number of Policies issued during 1891, 52,746. New Insurance, \$152,664,982.

Total number of Policies in force January 1, 1892, 193,452. Amount at Risk, \$614,824,713.

#### JOHN A. McCALL, President.

HENRY TUCK, Vice-President.  
ARCHIBALD H. WELCH, 2d Vice-President.  
GEORGE W. PERKINS, 3d Vice-President.  
RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.

A. HUNTINGTON, M. D., Medical Director.  
CHARLES C. WHITNEY, Secretary.  
HORACE C. RICHARDSON, Ass't Actuary.  
EDMUND C. STANTON, Cashier.

#### TRUSTEES.

WILLIAM H. APPLETON,  
C. C. BALDWIN,  
WILLIAM H. BEERS,  
WILLIAM A. BOOTH,  
W. F. BUCKLEY,  
JOHN CLAFLIN,  
CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD,  
EDWARD N. GIBBS,  
W. B. HORNBLOWER,  
WOODBURY LANGDON,

WALTER H. LEWIS,  
H. C. MORTIMER,  
RICHARD MÜSER,  
EDMUND D. RANDOLPH,  
JOHN N. STEARNS,  
WM. L. STRONG,  
HENRY TUCK,  
A. H. WELCH,  
WM. C. WHITNEY.

SPEAKING of misnomers—is there anything brighter than a dark lantern?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

### RED HAND ALLSOPP'S ALE.

BOTTLED BY THE BREWERS IN ENGLAND.  
HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
New York Branch, 92 Pearl Street, E. L. ZELL, Agent

**S**MOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c. CIGAR.  
30 YEARS THE STANDARD. 383



### WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty. Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 40c.; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,  
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.  
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Another Reason why your Entire Stock, Bond and Banking Business should be Transacted with

**LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY,**

NO. 50 BROADWAY, New York City:  
He allows 4 per cent. interest on idle deposits subject to sight draft.

This side lathered with WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP—rich, copious cream.

This side—the kind he used before he found WILLIAMS'.

**WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS**  
are the **BEST.**

## The Dividing Line.

The difference between the BEST shaving soaps and inferior kinds exists, principally—in the QUALITY of LATHER produced.

The rich, creamy, *never-drying* lather which WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS yield, has given them the deserved reputation for superiority which they have enjoyed for over Half a HUNDRED years.

### WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

is winning favor everywhere—and every day.

If you have been using some other kind, it will pay you to try WILLIAMS'.

We started in its manufacture, with the firm purpose of making it *better than any other kind* of shaving Stick. We have Succeeded.

Each STICK in a strong, tasty little case, lined with metal, covered with leatherette. Soap perfumed with the exquisite ATTAR OF ROSES.



**PRICES.** WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, -- 25 cts.  
GENUINE YANKEE SOAP, -- 15 cts.  
WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP  
—a pound package—6 cakes—  
exquisite for TOILET use— -- 40 cts.

**WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS**  
are for Sale by all DRUGGISTS and GENERAL STORE KEEPERS,  
or will be mailed—post paid—on receipt of price in Stamps.  
Address

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**GLASTONBURY, CONN.**

**RAMBLER BICYCLES**  
BEST  
AND  
MOST  
LUXURIOUS.  
Handsome 48 page catalogue on application.  
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It is a beauty-maker also.

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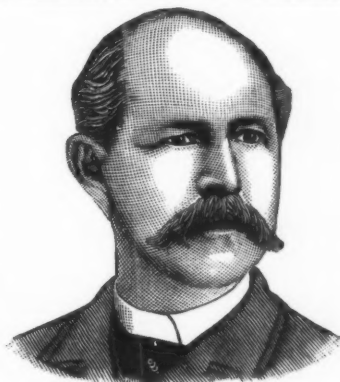
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MAKE THE PACE  
HIGHEST GRADE  
CATALOGUE FREE  
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**A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,** Special Agents,  
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**CANDY** Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,  
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**ED PINAUD'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE**

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REAL INDIA PONGEES. CORAHS.  
RONGEANT,  
Newest Changeable Effects.  
**STRIPE AND CHECK INDIA SILK SHIRTINGS,**  
New Colorings and Styles.

**Broadway & 19th St.**  
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supplying you, and if they will not do so, send advertised price, stating kind desired and size and width usually worn. Shoes sent by mail to any part of the world, postage free.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
**\$3.00 SHOE** THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

Seamless shoe, without tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of fine calf, stylish and easy. They equal hand-sewed costing from \$4.00 to \$5.00.

**\$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed,** the finest calf shoe ever offered for \$5.00; equals imported shoes which cost from \$8.00 to \$12.00.

**\$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt Shoe,** fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom made shoes costing from \$6.00 to \$9.00.

**\$3.50 Police Shoe;** Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy thick soles, extension edge.

**\$2.50 fine calf, \$2.25 and \$2.00 Workingman's** are very strong and durable.

**Boys' \$2.00 and \$1.75** school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

**Ladies' \$3.00 Hand-sewed** shoes, best Dongola, very stylish; equal French imported shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$6.00. \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

**Caution.**—See that W. L. Douglas's name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe. **TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.** Insist on local advertised dealers.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

**Investment vs. Speculation.**  
"Dividend Paying Investments."

It will pay you if you have any money to invest, either large or small sums, to send for pamphlet "Investment vs. Speculation." Free to any one mentioning this paper.

**TAYLOR & RATHVON, Boston, New York or Denver.**

## What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA Remedies will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. **POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.**  
 "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

**BABY'S** Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

**ACHING SIDES AND BACK,** Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

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are always sold loaded ready for immediate use. They can be used for roll films or glass plates. The new

## Daylight Kodak

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,  
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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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Largest Brewing and Storage Capacity of any Brewery in the World.

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Six kettles every 24 hours, equal to 6,000 barrels or 1,800,000 per year. Material used: Malt, 12,000 bushels per day, 3,600,000 bushels per year, Hops, 7,500 pounds per day, 2,250,000 pounds per year.

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In all the World there is but ONE CURE, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the patient, if necessary. IT NEVER FAILS. 48-page book of particulars free. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Wanted in every county to act in the Secret Service under instructions from Capt. Granman, ex-Chief Detectives of Cincinnati. Experience not necessary. Established 11 years. Particulars free. Address Granman Detective Bureau Co., 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O. The methods and operations of this Bureau investigated and found lawful by United States Government.

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RATHER HAD HIM.

WESTERNER.—There's just one more product that I will concede you beat us in, and that is shop-lifters.

NEW YORKER.—Pshaw! We're away behind you in that line.

WESTERNER.—Absurd!

NEW YORKER.—Is it, though? When it comes to shop-lifting, if your cyclones don't hold over us then the records lie, that's all.—*Boston Courier.*

AFTER THE SCRAP.

PAT.—'T was the devil av a blow the dago gave yer. Yer wuz near kilt.

MIKE.—Begorra, I wish I had died that I moite see the villain hung.—*Yale Record.*

"WHY, you use a common clay pipe!" said little Emily, in surprise, to her uncle, who had just returned from a long voyage.

"Yes; why not?" asked Uncle George.

"I thought sailors always smoked a hornpipe."—*Harper's Bazar.*

## TO EXPEL SCROFULA

from the system,  
take

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

the standard  
blood-purifier and  
tonic. It

Cures Others  
will cure you.

THE BISHOP & BABCOCK CO.,  
Manufacturers of the LATEST IMPROVED



## BEER PUMPS

and all kinds of apparatus for Preserving and Drawing Lager Beer, Ale and Porter.  
Sales Room: 152 Centre St., N. Y.  
Manufactory, at Cleveland, O.  
Send for Large Illustrated Catalogue.

Price | "Worth a Guinea a Box." | 25c.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

(QUICKLY SOLUBLE,  
PLEASANT COATING;)

cure

Sick-Headache,

and all

Bilious and Nervous  
Diseases.

Renowned all over the World.

Ask for Beecham's and take no others. Made at St. Helens, England. Sold by druggists and dealers. New York Depot, 365 Canal Street. 107

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to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Liberal salary and expenses paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars and references address CENTENNIAL MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

## HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

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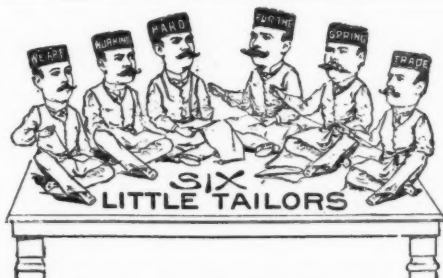
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